



\$2.99 #34

Nodwick™

THE TEAM UP
OF THE CENTURY!
**Piffany
and--**



**--a flying
hamster?**

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Nodwick

by Aaron Williams

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

MAYBE
THEY'LL THINK NO ONE
IS HOME.

THERE'S
NOBODY HERE! GO
AWAY!

GREAT
JOB. EVEN I WAS
ALMOST CONVINCED
THE BUILDING WAS
EMPTY.

JUST SHUT
UP AND SEE WHO'S
AT THE DOOR,
WENTWICK!

ME? WHY
ME? AND WHAT IF IT'S
THE ARMY OF MONSTERS
CAMPED OUTSIDE OF
TOWN?

BECAUSE YOU'RE
THE IDIOT WHO MADE NOISE,
AND IF IT WERE THE MONSTERS
I DOUBT THEY WOULD HAVE
TAKEN THE TIME TO KNOCK,
DON'T YOU?



IT'S TRUE! I KNOW YOU ALL THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S OUR HAMSTER OUT THERE!

OUR HAMSTER.

YES.

YES!

WHO IS OUR UNION PRESIDENT, MUCH TO OUR DISMAY.

IS OUTSIDE THE DOOR? AND FLYING? I THOUGHT WE'D ALL AGREED THAT ANY FLYING HAMSTER SIGHTINGS WERE CAUSED BY HEAD TRAUMA.* YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN'T SEEM TO STAY IN A STATE OF HAPPY DENIAL.

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

OKAY, STEP ASIDE.

* IT'S ACTUALLY CAUSED BY EXPOSURE TO A COSMIC SUBSTANCE. SEE NODWICK #8.





WHERE'D SHE GO? SHE WAS RIGHT HERE!

HI, GUYS. WE'VE GOT ~~WORK~~ TO DO. MY FRIENDS DROPPED ME OFF SO I COULD FILL YOU IN ON HOW WE'RE GOING TO HELP DEFEND THE TOWN.

US? WHAT CAN WE DO?



MORE THAN YOU THINK! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, NOBODY'S EVER TRIED, AH, "ENHANCING" HENCHMEN BEFORE.

...NOT THE WAY WE BUFF UP ADVENTURERS, ANYHOW.

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO. LINE UP ALONG THAT WALL, BOYS!



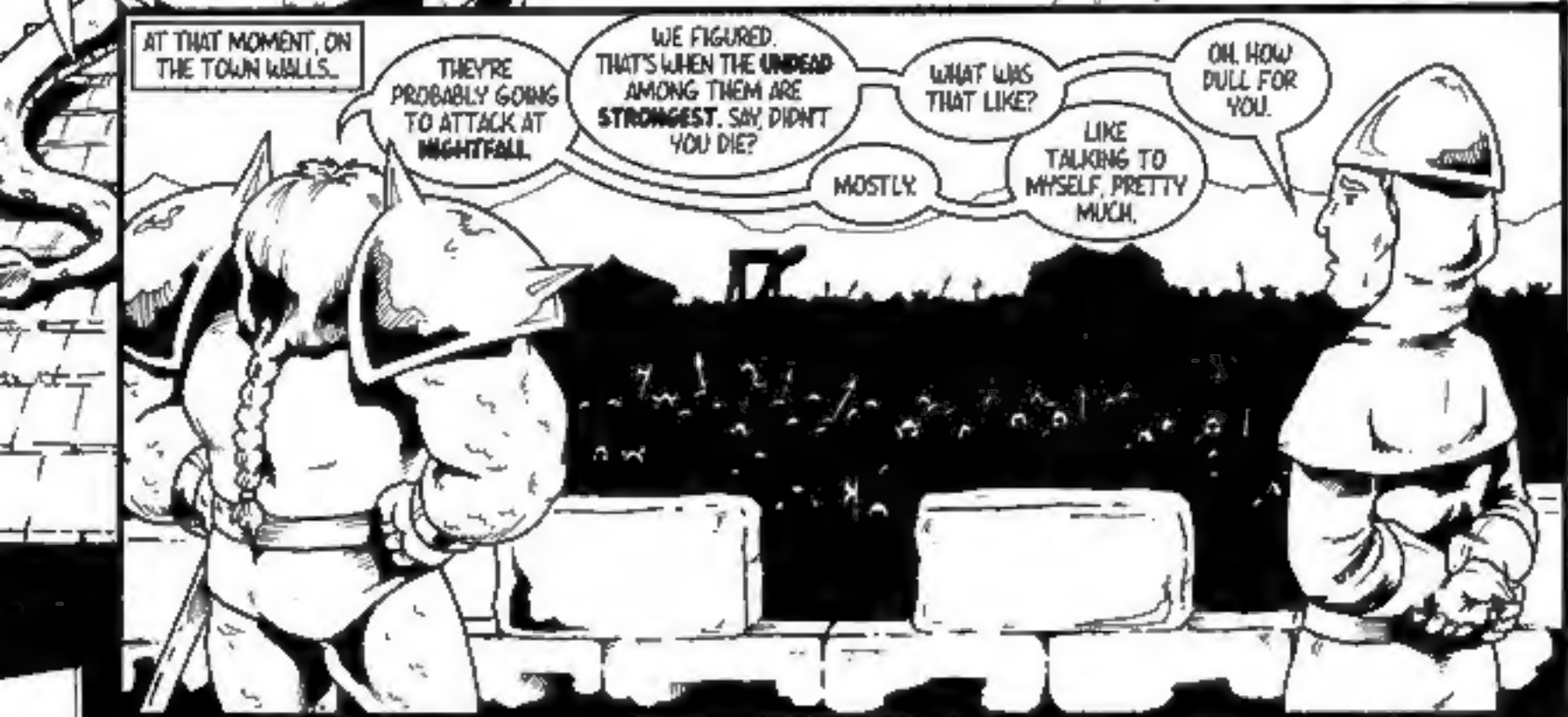
MEANWHILE, ON A ROOF NEAR THE TOWN'S WALLS.

YOU REALIZE THE SECOND WE GET OVER THE HIGHEST ROOFTOPS, WE BECOME A TARGET FOR THE ENEMY.

LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT. YOUR JOB IS GOING TO BE MAKING THEM MAD.

THAT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. WHAT ABOUT YEAGER?

HE'S GOING TO WORK ON ANGER MANAGEMENT, TOO.



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE TOWN WALLS...

THEY'RE PROBABLY GOING TO ATTACK AT NIGHTFALL.

WE FIGURED THAT'S WHEN THE UNDEAD AMONG THEM ARE STRONGEST. SAY, DIDN'T YOU DIE?

WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?

MOSTLY

LIKE TALKING TO MYSELF, PRETTY MUCH.

OH, HOW DULL FOR YOU.



SHUT UP.

NOW LOOK, THE CITY'S DEFENSES PROBABLY WON'T LAST AN HOUR AGAINST THESE YAHOO'S, AGREED?

MORE THAN AGREED. HALF THE MEN ARE GETTING RIPPED RIGHT NOW. "WAR ANESTHETIC," THEY'RE CALLING IT.

OKAY, SO WHEN IT STARTS, I WANT YOU TO WAIT ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, AND THEN LET THE EASTERN GATE FALL.

FALL? ARE YOU CRAZY?



PROBABLY.

JUST LET IT COLLAPSE. PULL EVERYONE BACK BEHIND THE LINES ON THIS MAP. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

AS YOU SAY, I SUPPOSE IT'S BETTER TO GET IT **OVERWITH**. BESIDES, I DON'T SEE HOW THAT **MONSTROSITY** YOU HAD THE BLACKSMITHS BUILD WILL HELP MATTERS.

RELAX, WE'LL BE FINE.

SO LONG AS PIFFANY GETS BACK IN TIME.



ARE YOU SURE WE'RE GOING THE RIGHT WAY, MISS PIFFANY?

I THINK SO. AND GOOD JOB ON GETTING US OUT OF TOWN.

FEW KNOW THAT THE SEWER CAVERNS ARE ACCESSIBLE EIGHT MILES OUTSIDE OF THE WALLS. BESIDES, THEY'RE NEARLY IMPASSABLE IF YOU CAN'T FLY.

BUT YOU SEEM TO BE DIRECTING ME IN AN ODD FLIGHT PATTERN. ARE YOU SURE?

OVER THERE! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!



MOMENTS LATER, IN BAPHUMMAL'S KRUTZING HOLLOW APARTMENT...

WE WILL
ATTACK AT
SUNDOWN.

SURELY WE
SHOULD BREAK THEIR
DEFENSES NOW, MY
LORD.

MORE CHILDREN.
YES, MORE TO MAKE UP
FOR THE ONES THAT ARE
LOST, YES.

PATIENCE.
UNLESS YOUR ORB HAS
ACTUALLY TOLD YOU
SOMETHING?

IT IS DIFFICULT
TO SEE THE FUTURE
BECAUSE OF THE FOOLS
THAT... JAMMER ME WITHIN
IT, BUT I HAVE SEEN
SOMETHING.

OH?

A TOOTH
AND AN ARROW. THESE
THINGS SEEM IMPORTANT,
BUT I CAN'T SAY
WHY.

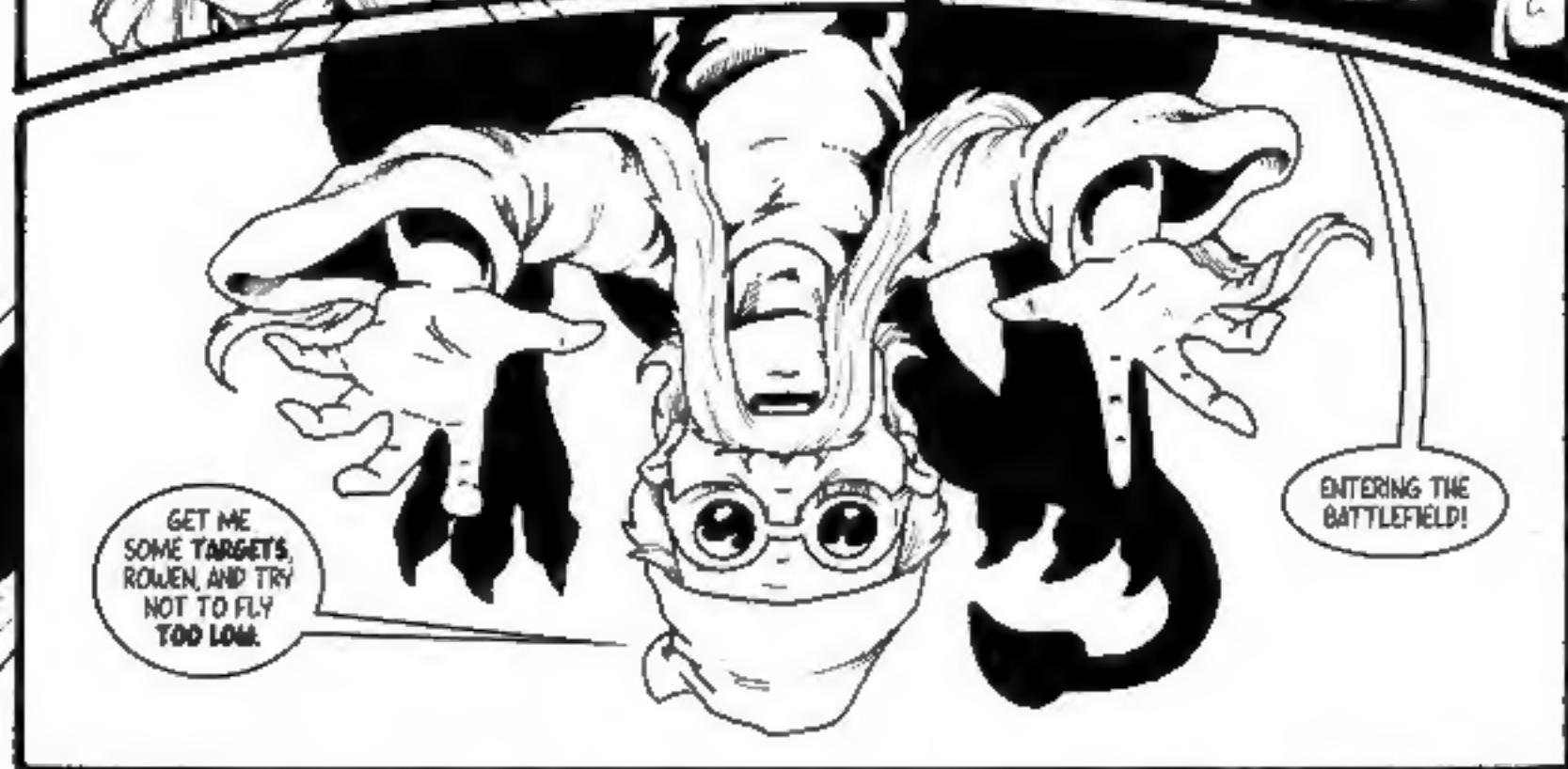
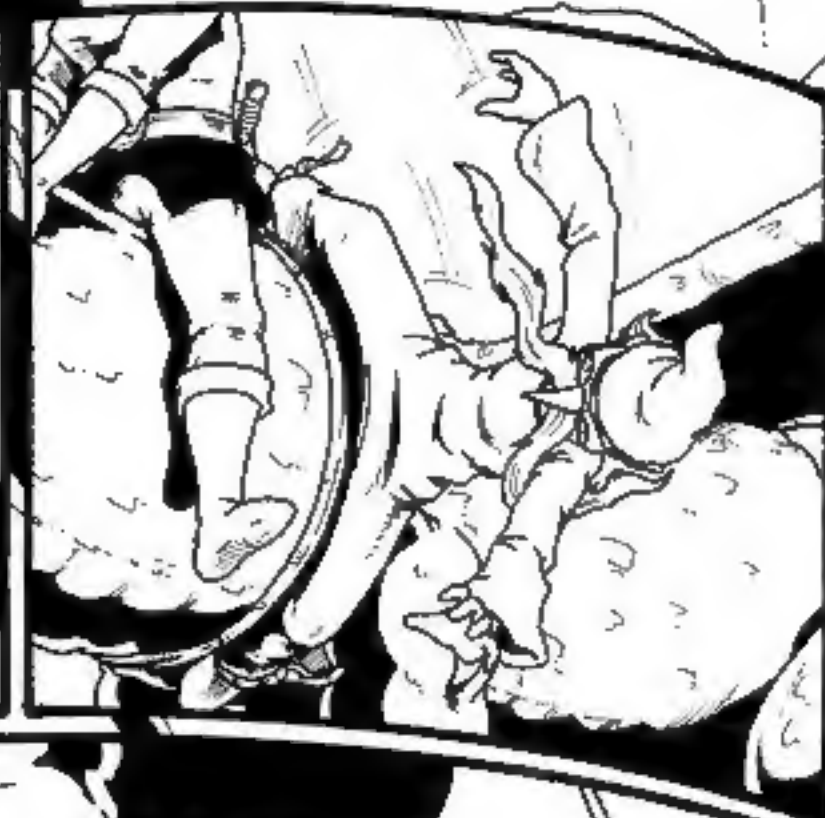
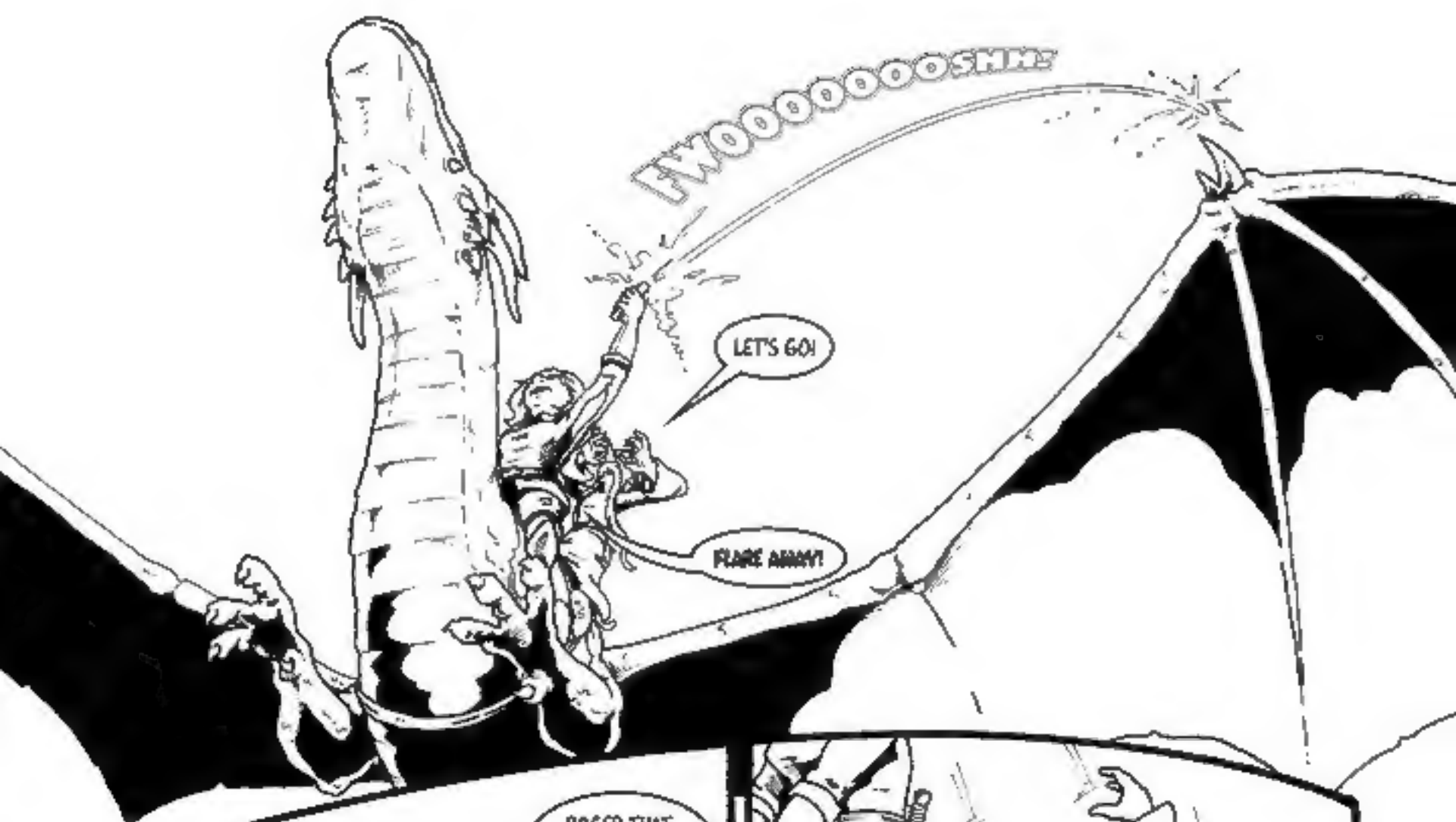
IF ONLY
THOSE MORONIC EVIL
HENCHMEN HADN'T
BEEN WASHED AWAY,
THIS WOULDN'T BE A
PROBLEM.

YOU ARE CORRECT.
WE SHOULD ATTACK NOW.
SEND WORD TO UTHARR THAT I
WANT HIS FORCES SCOURGING
THIS HAMLET WITHIN
THE HOUR.

TELL HIM
TO KEEP A SPECIAL
WATCH FOR THAT BUNCH
OF IDIOT ADVENTURERS
WHO HAVE PLAGUED US SO,
ESPECIALLY THEIR
HENCHMAN.

THE NEXUS I
NEED TO FULFILL MY
PLANS HAS BEEN SHIFTED.
WE MUST RELOCATE OUR
PREPARATIONS IF I AM
TO SNARE IT.

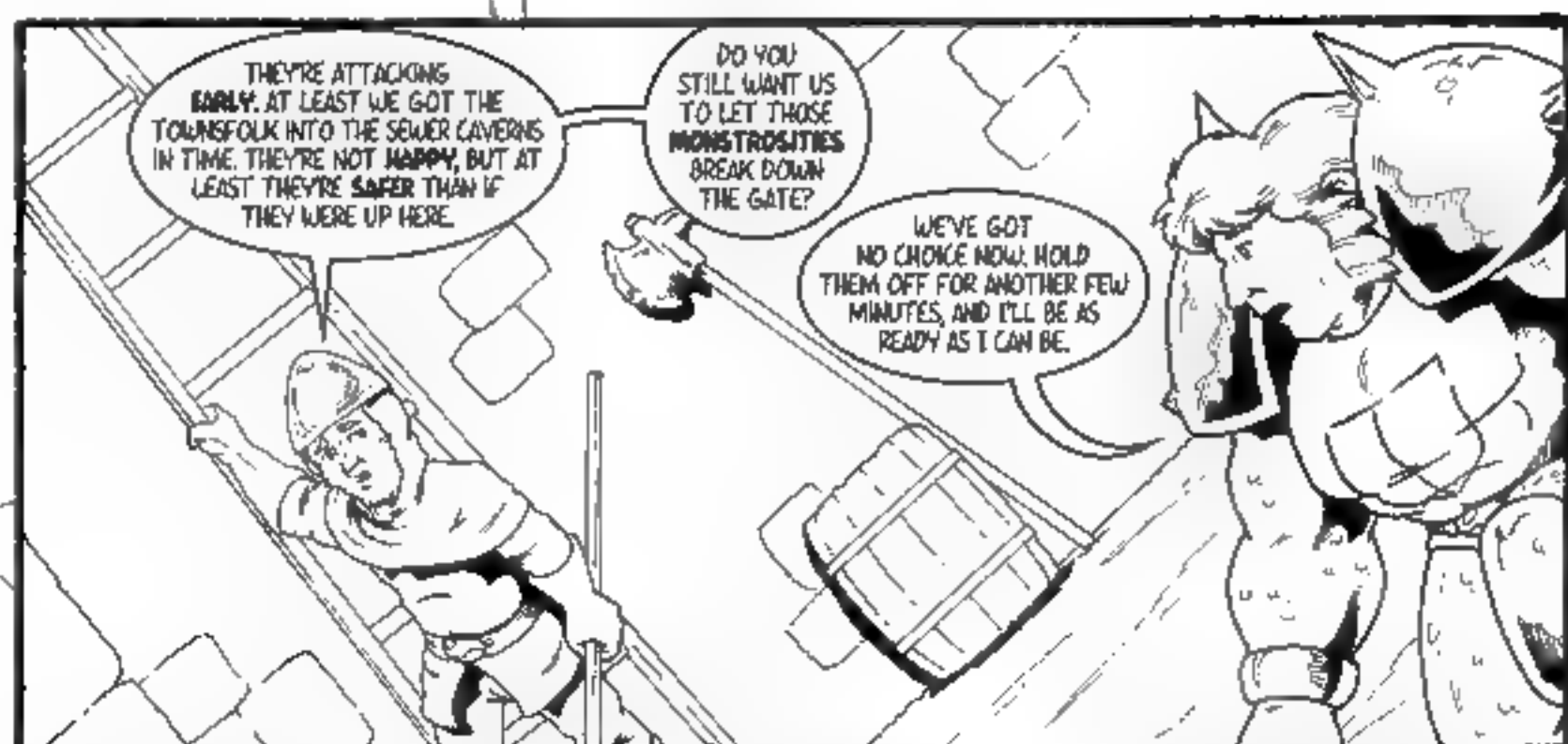






HERD THEM
TOWARDS THE EASTERN
GATE!

I JUST HOPE
YEAGAR'S READY FOR
THEM!



THEY'RE ATTACKING EARLY. AT LEAST WE GOT THE TOWNSFOLK INTO THE SEWER CAVERNS IN TIME. THEY'RE NOT HAPPY, BUT AT LEAST THEY'RE SAFER THAN IF THEY WERE UP HERE.

DO YOU STILL WANT US TO LET THOSE MONSTROSITIES BREAK DOWN THE GATE?

WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE NOW. HOLD THEM OFF FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES, AND I'LL BE AS READY AS I CAN BE.



ARE YOU GUYS READY WITH THE CATAPULT-FLINGERS?

WE'VE GOT EVERY DROPPING IN THE TOWN LOADED UP, MISTER YEAGAR. SIR, WE'VE GOT HORSE, COW, GOAT—

YEAH, YEAH, I DON'T NEED THE RECIPE. GET OFF THE STREETS BEFORE THEY'RE CLOSED.



I HOPE ARTAX'S FRIENDS IN THE ALCHEMY GUILD KNOW WHAT THE HECK THEY'RE DOING.



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO RETREAT SOON! THEIR ARCHERS ARE FINALLY GETTING THEIR ACT TOGETHER!

THAT'S FINE WITH ME.



BECAUSE I THINK I'VE MET JUST ABOUT EVERY TREE FOR THREE MILES AROUND.

YEAH, SORRY ABOUT THAT.

HOPEFULLY YEAGAR'S CHUFFING DOWN THE POTION I GAVE HIM, MIXED WITH THAT DEATH-BREW HE LIKES TO DRINK, IT SHOULD INCREASE THE EFFECTS SUBSTANTIALLY.

I ONLY HOPE HE'S COHERENT ENOUGH TO BE EFFECTIVE.



ALL RIGHT, I THINK
WE'VE GOT MOST OF THEM READY
TO RUN OVER THEIR OWN MOTHERS
TO GET US!

LET'S REEL 'EM IN!



THEY'RE HEADED
THIS WAY! I'M PULLING THE
MEN BACK NOW!

THASH' GOOD!
IMMA RED-JINK! RED-
JINK! RED-JINK! ALL
SCHET TO GO!



KTHOOOOOM!



KER-SCHPLATT!



Skull
Whomper
"Do No Recriminate"
Brewer's
Select Ale

SCHORRY I
DIDN'T HAVE TIME T' PUT
IT ALL IN BAGS 'N SET
IT ON FIRE...





FANCY MEETING
ALL OF YOU HERE. YOU DO
KNOW WE'RE HEADED FOR A
BOX CANYON MADE OUT OF
BUILDINGS, RIGHT?

DON'T
FORGET TH' **GAZEBO**
THINGIE.

NAH, THAT'S
OUTSIDE TH' KILL
ZONE.

KILL
ZONE? WHAT KILL
ZONE?

S' JUST
UPPHEAD.

HOW DO
I GET OUT
OF IT?

OH, WELL Y—

HAH-HAH!
TH' POTION WORE OFF
AN' HE WENT—

POP!

HEY! WHUDDYA
THIN YER DOIN'?

TAKING BACK
MY STOCK! YOU THIEVES
LOOTED MY RUBBLE— ER, I
MEAN BAR!



WE NEED
THAT STUFF!

AND I NEED
TO MAKE A LIVING!
ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES THAT
EXPLODE WHEN YOU SNEEZE ON
THEM DON'T COME CHEAP,
YOU KNOW!



THERE'S NOTHING
FOR THEZCRAB! THERE'S A DRAGON ONNA
WAY AN IT'S GONNA—



AH, HECKANDONT.
I HOPE THERE'S NUFF LEFT
TO DO TH' JOB.



READY FER
BLASTOOOOOOF?
CLEAR TH' LAUNCHPAD
UNLESSN YOU
WANNA BE CRISPY
CRITTERS!

LAUNCHPAD?

HOW DID
YOU GET IN
HERE?!



I TOOK AN
AXE TO THE BACK
OF THAT BUILDING OVER
THERE. YOU KNOW, THE
ONE I HAD AN
APARTMENT IN?!

HOW AM I SUPPOSED
TO GET MY MAIL DELIVERED WHEN
YOU KEEP MOVING—







R-R-R-OAAAARRRR!





"...YOU'LL SURRENDER
YOURSELVES,
UNCONDITIONALLY."



"YOU'VE GOT 'TILL
MIDNIGHT TO DECIDE."

Hench You
Later!





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